

Bourne, or What the Doctor Ordered In Italian At the End

In newest, stereotypical bitch charged with X-ing him now, man-nish clothes, slicing tongue & will. He has lost his complex Marie, wasted, one supposes, by CIA. But even ole Mannish softens a bit & triple-cute round-faced girl gets her role expanded & coy, too. Hey! Belay such chickflick sops anyhow!

The real romantic adventure: No way of murdering Bourne. Again! Send up to a dozen & it's nothing.

More than that, diminishing returns: They bumble into each other with detonating outcomes.

Hope he keeps on going. Why? & why the appeal to so many males? After all, just a comic strip compared to the real evil foisted by Washington & underlined in many national capitals. Well, majority of men worldwide count beans in itching desperation. So, need Bourne, (not to mention Rambo). In addition, MAYBE MARIE DIDN'T REALLY DIE ?

*come il cacio sui maccheroni !*